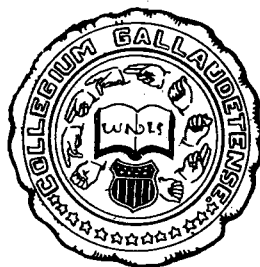




THE  
SCRATCHSIDES FAMILY  
A BOOK FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



**LIBRARY**  
**COLUMBIA INSTITUTION FOR**  
**THE DEAF**

*Class* -----

*Book* -----

Deaf. authors

A. D. Vergant





A BOOK FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

---

# The Scratchsides Family.

BY

JOHN CARLIN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



---

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM L. STONE & JOHN T. BARRON,

1868.

**Gallaudet College**

**LIBRARY**

**Rendall Green, Washington, D. C.**

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by JOHN CARLIN, in the  
Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

---

---

WM. L. STONE & J. T. BARRON, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,  
98 NASSAU STREET.



# THE SCRATCHSIDES FAMILY.

---

## CHAPTER I.

THERE once lived a family near Pungetown, a charming village on the southern slope of the mountain, where, among the wild and secluded ravines, a remarkable man of the name of Rip Van Winkle saw a dozen or more Dutch ghosts playing at nine-pins, and was made by their liquor to sleep for twenty years. The family consisted of seven persons—Gusty Scratchsides and his wife, Polly, and their children : Frederick Augustus, Clara Arabella, Achilles, Seraphina, and George Washington. All were monkeys.

The father, Augustus—or Gusty, as he was familiarly called—was a cobbler. So industrious was he that he always sat on his bench from sunrise till sunset, and often till late at night, driving the awl round through the soles of old shoes and boots. With all his industry he did not know how to save his earnings so that he might grow rich. Of all good qualities, he valued honesty the most. As an instance of this fine trait of his character, a traveling dealer in house-furnishing ware once overpaid him one penny in changing a bank-note for an article he bought; the mistake was not discovered till after several minutes had elapsed; and Gusty, sorely disturbed in mind by the idea that he held a penny which did not belong to him, bounded to the middle of the road, saw the peddler's wagon just disappearing beyond the hill-road yonder, and galloped toward it on his all-fours, with his tail high in the air, notwithstanding the great distance of the way and the heat of the day, as it was at noon, and the sun was burning like a







furnace. The chase was kept up with increased speed ; perspiration fell copiously down his honest face ; on reaching the summit of the hill, he hallooed most lustily to the owner of the wagon, who had just stopped in front of another house not far off ; and, grinning from ear to ear, he handed the penny to the surprised dealer, who, after learning the facts of the case, admired the cobbler's honesty, and rewarded it with a present of a new tin cup.

My young readers, honesty, being "the best policy" in all dealings, often meets with reward. So, while wending his way home with the new cup tied round his neck, Gusty perceived something glittering in the sun on the road, and found it to be a silver fifty-cent piece. Long at his prize he gazed with a heart swelling almost to bursting with joy.

He was a husband and a father, affectionate, but more indulgent than he should have been. On that day, though he knew his wife, Polly, wanted a dress for Baby

George, yet, when Clara Arabella insisted on having the same coin, found ten minutes back, with which to buy some scarlet ribbons for herself, he gave it to her, even without the least regret, so that she might be happy ! No doubt you are displeased with her selfishness, and may wonder if she had any decent dress to be trimmed with them, or ask, why did Gusty not save the money in a savings-bank ? At any rate, he was as foolish as she.

You will be surprised to learn that the poor, ragged cobbler had upon a shelf, just above his head, several old books in Latin and Greek, in which he was fond of reading in his spare moments. Well, I'll tell you how he learned these languages.

Gusty—remember it is Augustus—was a son of Philip Scratchsides, Esquire, of Scratchsides Hall, a very wealthy man, who gave him a very good education at college, and sent him to Europe. The young gentleman returned home, greatly improved in mind and manners,

he having had so much good sense as to avoid dissipation in the great cities ; and his old father was not less proud of him than of his family coat-of-arms, consisting of five turbaned heads, which was bestowed on his ancestor, Sir Geoffrey Scratchsides, of Crusade memory, because he cut, at one sweeping blow, the heads off of five Moslems who pressed him on all sides !

In one of Augustus' hunting excursions he saw a beautiful girl, barefooted and in a tattered dress, nearing a brook, with a pail on her head. Her face was of a most delicate pink color ; her nose agreeably flat, with small oblique nostrils ; her eyes, being of the clearest hazel color, were pensive when in perfect repose, and sparkling as diamonds when her eyebrows were elevated with vivacity. Her grimace was not coarse, but charming to behold ; nor was her grin disagreeable, for it displayed two rows of white teeth and red gums.

When her eyes met his gaze, she blushed to the top of her low forehead, and grinned faintly. Augustus'

admiration at her beauty now burst forth into a broad grin, opening to view his splendid teeth ; soon after which he kissed his fingers to her in such a manner as to confuse her so greatly that she stumbled over her pail, which she had just before dropped in confusion, and fell headlong into the brook. There she might have found a watery grave had the gallant stranger not thrown off his coat, and rushed by several leaps, remarkably long for his size, to her deliverance.

While she sat on the grassy bank in the sun to dry her wet dress, he learned with eager ears from her own tongue that she was the daughter of a poor shoemaker ; found, to his chagrin, that she was low-bred and ignorant ; but her charms conquered his heart. Indeed, this fine gentleman, in a fashionable hunting-coat, white deer-skin breeches, and yellow-topped boots, was head over heels in love with Polly Gribb, which was her name. From that eventful day, Augustus frequently met her at the same place where they first saw each other.

On several occasions he wrote pretty sonnets for her, but, recollecting her inability to read, burnt them with a sigh. Nevertheless, being a fine player on the flute, he used, in the neighboring grove, to draw forth its clarion tones ; the melody of love floated on the air to the listening ears of his beloved one, barefooted and in tattered dress ; and it flowed into her heart. Well knowing the pride and hardness of heart of his father, he dared not beg his permission to marry her. So he wedded her in secret. A wrong course, you all think. Yes, you are right, for the clandestine marriages of indiscreet couples, without the consent of their parents, often bring trouble or misery upon their heads.

Augustus, who loved truth, felt it his duty as a son to acquaint his father with his marriage, and ask his forgiveness. Accordingly, he went to Scratchsides Hall, and, leaving his young wife at the door, went into the library and appeared before the old gentleman, who, confined to his arm-chair by the gout, was reading a

small book by Dr. Goodheart, entitled "Parental Forgiveness : A Duty Incumbent on all Fathers." The son lisped : "Father, dear father, please pardon your boy !"

"Pardon you ?" exclaimed the father, looking up at him.

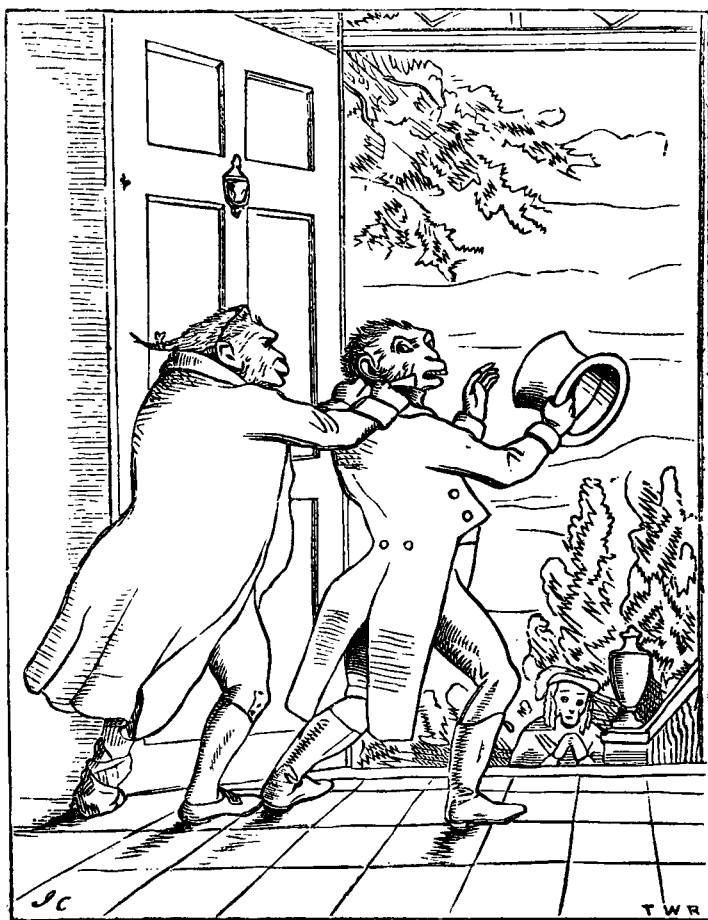
"Yes, father."

"For what ?" demanded Philip Scratchsides, Esquire.

"For marrying a penniless, but lovely girl, without your knowledge," replied the son, trembling and chattering with fear. The father was thunderstruck, and was long silent, while he gazed with a contracted brow at the culprit. At last, forgetting his gout and all the precepts he had just read in the book, he started up, with a face distorted into a thousand wrinkles by wrath, and shrieked, "Pardon you ? No ! Never ! I disown—disinherit you forever !" No sooner had the enraged father uttered the last direful word than he grasped the unfortunate boy's collar with both his hands. After shaking and pushing him to the open door, the gentle-







man, enjoying the general salutation of Esquire, kicked his own offspring down the front marble steps as if he were a strange dog that had the impudence to come into his presence ; and he slammed the door with a sound that filled Augustus' heart with dismay. Thus, the father's mansion, his love, and his big purse, were all shut up, never to be opened again to him !

Riveted to the ground, and not noticing the distress of the innocent cause of his banishment, who clung wildly to his neck, he long gazed at the closed door and the bright door-plate, proud of the name of Philip Scratchsides, which it bore ; he felt he was alone on the wide earth, almost without a penny in his pocket. His soul sank into the depths of despair. Let me drop the curtain on that sad scene.

In the course of time, after a severe struggle with the stern realities of a cold world, Augustus was finally settled as a cobbler, perfectly resigned to his fate, and quite a philosopher. Babe after babe came into the world to

stare vacantly and make innocent grimaces at him. On he hammered the leather, and sewed the soles, with all diligence. At every twilight, after his day's work was over, he read his favorite books solely to refresh his memory of the languages he learned at college. Sometimes he played on the identical flute with which he made love in the grove, all the cracks of which were carefully filled up with shoemaker's wax. What refinement in a wretched hovel ! You see Gusty did constantly what most college graduates neglect.





## CHAPTER II.

OF Dame Polly Scratchsides little can be said. She had been a dutiful wife and mother, cooking food, nursing Baby, and mending torn garments. She looked on Gusty as a wonderful man of learning, and was one day heard to declare her belief that he would make as good a Governor of New York or a President of America as anybody else ; but the listener, grinning with his eyebrows elevated to the uppermost extent, said he didn't see how a cobbler could pave his way either to Albany or Washington. Incensed at this insinuation, Polly retorted : " Gusty says that Rogue—I don't remember th' other name—'twas a shoemaker who made the Independence." Evidently she referred to Roger Sherman, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.



### CHAPTER III.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, their eldest child, was as amiable as his father, but more romantic and ambitious ; fond of displaying the agility of his arms and legs. He was once induced by some wicked gamblers, for a small sum of money, to run on his all-fours against time in a race-course ; after prodigious efforts of muscle, encouraged by those “gentlemen of sport,” he won the race, having but one second to spare, and was brought home on a shutter, more dead than alive.

When quite young he began to throw summersets, first from the bank into the brook ; repeated them until he acquired sufficient agility to turn his body both forward and backward in the air, and alight upon his feet on the dry land. It is a folly, certainly dangerous to



neck-bones, knees, and wrist-joints, which should never be pursued by little boys—more especially those of a naturally ambitious or adventurous disposition.

He joined a traveling circus against the wishes of his father, who intended that he should study law. Our worthy cobbler believed that smart chatter-boxes would make good lawyers ; and as Freddy was a famous chatter-box, it was reckoned he would be another Dan. Webster. But Freddy's legs were more active than his brain ; and, liking better to pitch over a bar five feet high than to pitch into the members of the Bar, he joined the circus. Well, he soon became famous for his skillful and graceful horsemanship. 'Tis impossible to describe here the grace of his dance on horseback.

Being a daring tumbler, he astonished, and even frightened, the audience by his strange, unnatural evolutions on the summit of a column, consisting of blocks of wood only, one foot in length, width, and thickness, piled without nail or cement, one above another, to the height

of twenty feet. There did he often perform wonderful feats, among which was his celebrated “Æroverticorpus”—a name invented expressly for him, signifying a whirl of the body in the air—which was : standing upon his head on the column without the support of his hands, lowering his legs to a level with his chin, and, by a sudden jerk of the legs, springing about six feet into the air, thus enabling himself to turn his body twice before his head returned to its usual resting-place. His repeated success emboldened him to add more blocks to the column, until it attained the dizzy height of thirty feet ; and, on the evening of the—I forget the exact date—while, in the repetition of that evolution, he was lowering his legs as usual, the tottering column gave way, and the blocks tumbled down with a crash appalling to hear, bringing, of course, the unfortunate Freddy headlong to the ground, and when his head struck the last block, his neck broke. Thus died this most brilliant acrobat—a victim to the folly of trifling with his life.





## CHAPTER IV.

CLARA ARABELLA was a rustic beauty, as was her mother before her marriage. She was as charming a chatter-box as ever talked nonsense all the day long ; a romp who loved to skip boisterously in the shady grove late in afternoons with her female companions and their beaux, and she was ever the foremost in playing at tag, hiding and seeking, and dancing jigs, ever and anon prattling as delightfully as could be imagined. With what a readiness of hand she accepted from her rustic friends presents, such as gowns of various colors, rings, earrings, etc., besides novels, of which she was very fond, and that with little display of gratitude ! She ought to have studied to please her donors by her graceful

acknowledgment of their presents. Cold and careless thanks surely freeze the warm, generous blood of those who wish to be happy by bestowing material favors on their friends.

It, however, must not be taken for granted that Clara was destitute of good qualities, for, in fact, she was a most handy help, and ever ready to do anything her mother desired. She might be seen skipping like a merry kid along the way to the brook with one, nay, two pails. To be sure, she was always willing to obey her mother's order to get water from the brook, for she knew well that one or two young idle monkeys—her admirers, of course—who were there, at some little distance from the stone-step on the shore, angling all day, would gladly carry home her pails brimful of water. Though she did not reject their services, yet she despised all lazy fellows, and looked with disgust on their wasting their time in idleness. On the contrary, she respected industrious monkeys, and smiled more graciously on those who avoided

strong drinks than on those who tasted them, for she declared that temperance makes gentlemen of monkeys, whatever might be their stations in society, and brings peace and happiness to their homes ; and intemperance, making beasts and demons of them, carried misery and violence over all the land.

Notwithstanding her contempt for idlers, she liked their services on washing-days, as it was necessary to fetch as much water as possible from the brook for washing purposes. On every Monday, early in the morning, might be seen a procession of at least a dozen of Rip Van Winkles (you should, by all means, read Washington Irving's story of "Rip Van Winkle"), trudging patiently along home with pails and tubs filled to the brim with the crystal liquid, while Clara—a merry and mischievous coquette as she was—walked, skipped behind, sidelong, or before the procession, now and then encouraging the carriers, and grinning sweetly on the

lusty fellows who carried the largest tub, because it had more water than the others !

By reason of Gusty's gentleness of heart, industry, and endeavors to improve her mind, she evinced a sincere regard for him, and was glad to do anything that might tend to his comfort or happiness ; to demonstrate her sincerity, she read aloud to the toiling cobbler the last novel by Dickens, borrowed of the circulating library in Pungetown ; she also dressed for his dinner a wild duck—the fattest that could be found in that romantic region—in the best style of French cookery, fried the choicest venison steaks to perfection for his breakfast, and brewed the purest beer for his enjoyment, on the Sabbath day. A good daughter, that.

At this moment I learn she is yet unmarried, though still surrounded by fresh admirers—the old ones having been driven away : several into the arms of other girls, less coquettish, but none the less charming to behold ; some, heart-broken and unhappy, to distant climes ; and







one, with a throat cut open, a skull shattered by a pistol-shot, or a body swollen with water—I forget which—to the examination of the coroner's jury to determine whether or not he committed self-murder. Among the fresh ones, if the report is true, Milford Lighthouse has found favor in her eyes, won her heart, and is going to grace her left fourth finger with a wedding-ring.

We shall, therefore, congratulate him upon his conquest, and wish him and his bride long life and happiness in his native land—Old, merry England.





## CHAPTER V.

GUSTY had a disease, which clung to his heart as a leech to the flesh. It was his second son, Achilles, who was as mischievous as mischievous could be. I don't know why Gusty gave him so illustrious a name ; but I presume it was given for the purpose of showing his admiration for the hero of his favorite, Homer. Besides this son, he also named another son after our beloved Washington, whose lofty honesty of purpose gained his affection ; and he used to declare that the old Greek philosopher, Diogenes, would have certainly found in him *the* honest man whom he long sought over all Greece with his lantern, had Washington lived in the days of Alexander the Great.

Little Achilles was, during his infancy, so precocious a mischief-maker, that his father was more than once obliged to tie him to a place out of the reach of his bench, for Achy broke nearly all the awls, cut shoe sides open, and did many other tricks that could not have failed to make a man with the best temper in the world (like Gusty), jump wrathfully about, and threaten to hammer the skull of his pest of a son, flat on his lapstone. In his boyhood, he was a genius in mischief. So many were his acts of this kind, that he was called “the prince of mischief-makers.” ’Tis impossible to commemorate them all in this history ; but I shall be content to give you three instances, which I doubt not will entertain you :

As an old gentleman, clad in a rusty, snuff-colored coat, of a fashion that flourished in the last year of the eighteenth century, was conversing with Gusty at the door, doubtless about his boots, Achy, unseen by both the talkers, tied the tail of the gentleman’s wig with a very

slender string, which he had beforehand thrown over a branch of a tree, standing just opposite the door, and secured in the garret. When, it being a sultry evening, he took his hat off in order to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, his wig flew off his head, ascended, swinging in all directions. Fancy the astonishment of the old gentleman, as well as that of Gusty, when they saw the truant wig fly around gracefully above them, and disappear in the foliage; and, after the wig had got firmly entangled among the young branches and leaves, the tie, deftly fixed, was loosened by a mysterious jerk, and the string disappeared.

Gusty went to the tree to ascertain if Achilles was not there, and found his suspicion groundless; but still, feeling sure that Achy had a hand in the trick, he went into the house, and found the boy on his back on the floor, playing with the puppy, with an expression of great innocence on his face. Gusty endeavored to detect the least sign of guilt in the player's eyes, but Achy continued

his play with infantile glee. The cobbler scratched his nose, shook his head sagely, and looked at his leathern strap held in his hand, and then on the boy again. No sooner had he turned his head toward Achy, than the innocent and gleeful child, flat on the floor as hitherto, turned his eyes upon the receding person of his respected parent, and upon the strap, evidently intended to be used in whipping him; and he grinned noiselessly, to his content.

As to the wig, it was soon returned to the old gentleman, who, happening to be a philosopher, tried in vain to account for the mysterious flight of his wig without wings or any other means of ascending whatever.

All who knew the Scratchsides family said it was a pity that Achy had not inherited his father's love of honesty; moreover, nothing, they added, not even the whip, could cure that young scapegrace of his thievish propensities. He was not proof against the allurements of ripe fruits in strange orchards, nor could he possibly

understand the sinfulness of taking hold of things which were not his own ; and, in spite of the constant exercise of the lash on his bare back, he continued to handle, smell, and taste the forbidden fruit. So, instead of going directly to his school, he often stole away to different farms to feast himself on luscious apples, peaches, or pears. On one of these occasions he went to Farmer Jocko's orchard ; aloft on the branch of a tree, filling his trouser's pockets with his booty, he espied, much to his terror, the farmer's watch-dog standing at some distance from him, and looking in the direction of the tree, seeming to suspect that there was a thief in it ; this unwelcome sight unnerved him to such a degree as to cause his fall to the ground, which seemed to confirm the dog's suspicion, for he gave a significant yell, which the thief understood too well to wait for a meeting with the surly detective. So he scampered in hot haste to the nearest fence, leaving his cap and books behind him. The dog was not behind hand, for his baying rang louder and







louder, indicating his swift approach. Scarcely had Achy cleared the fence when the pursuer arrived there, much disappointed at not being able to grasp the rogue's throat ; still bent on his object, he crossed the fence, not without some difficulty and awkwardness that indeed widened the distance between him and the pursued.

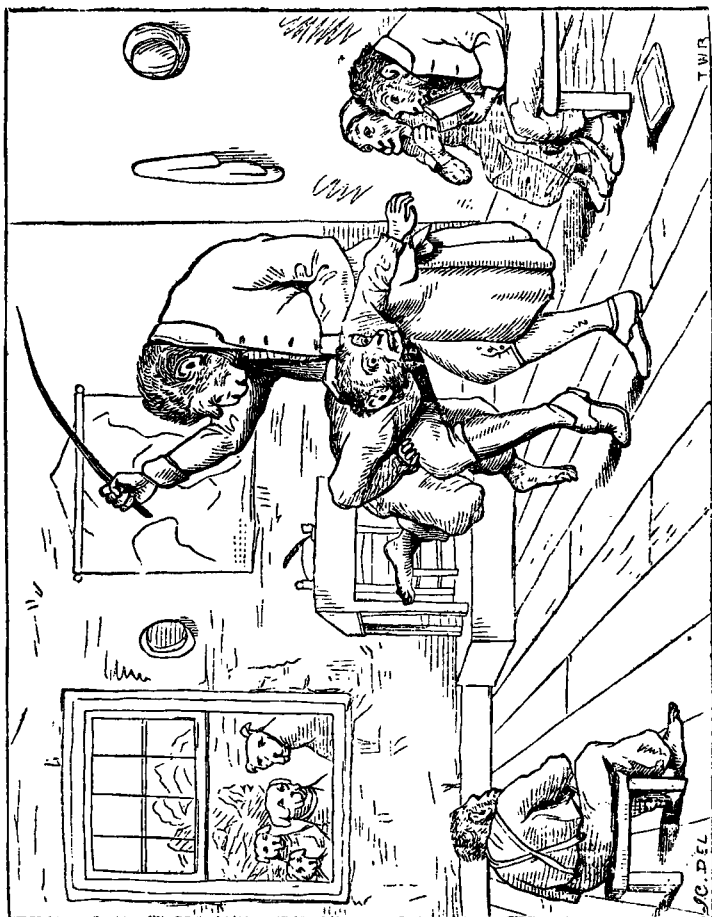
Resuming the pursuit, he cried aloud : " Stop thief !" The thrilling cry stirred the ears of all dogs along the way, and they joined him in the chase—all for pure fun, of course. Now, in the main street of the village, the people, attracted by the cry of " Stop thief !" rushed to their doors and beheld poor Achilles tearing along, with his trousers' pockets swollen with the tangible proofs of his guilt, and the canine pursuers after him. Soon, out of the village, the chase was continued with unceasing vigor up hill, down dale, across rye-field, through grove, over brook—'twas a grand chase, which would have done English fox-hunters good to see ; though, it is true, it was that of a monkey (instead of a fox) chased by a

canine rabble, in which no aristocratic fox-hounds were found.

At length, the thief, approaching the school-house, and finding the four-footed policemen quite close to his heels, adroitly turned his course, and sped round the building ; and seeing a window just opened by the schoolmaster, curious to know what on earth was the matter, as he had heard discordant sounds outside, the fugitive jumped through it, brushing the pen out of the astonished pedagogue's mouth, and knocking down an urchin wearing a fool's cap on his head, who by chance stood in his way.

Old Switch had a parley with the guardians of property, and all agreed for the sake of Gusty, whose amiability and honesty they had learned to respect and admire, that Achilles, instead of being sent to the House of Refuge, should undergo a wholesome drubbing from his master. So he took hold of the culprit, and inflicted on his back as many lashes as were desired by the judges at





the window, who were looking on the operation with exquisite pleasure.

“One more lash !” growled Bruno.

“Another !” exclaimed Cæsar.

“Whip him more !” begged Pompey.

“Give him five more !” barked Cato.

All these orders the schoolmaster would have obeyed with a will, had it not been for the generous interference of a noble-looking gentleman of the Newfoundland race, who, having just stopped to look in, commanded him to desist from his cruel work. Nevertheless, as Achy crept slowly, with an aching back, and sore legs, arms, hands, and feet, to his place at the desk, the master suddenly recollected his absence from school, and gave him a severe slap on the head with his birch. And Achilles didn’t, nay, couldn’t, sit on his bench, for he was overfatigued by the extraordinary chase and whipping. Thus he lay a long, a very long, time on the floor, chattering most piteously, and shedding tears of—penitence, we hope.

My good readers, as the common yellow soap is bitter to the taste, yet cleans everything, so Achy's chastisement, however more severe than he could bear, produced a healthy result ; for, in fact, since that memorable morning, he neither visited any strange orchards again, nor did he any more play the truant from school. But, alas ! his love of mischief remained with him, and consequently subjected him to punishment.

One day Signor Beruccimio was grinding his organ before the Scratchsides' door, while his buffoon—a little, sickly child, after our own image—made feeble antics, to the delight of the children, ever and anon uttering a cry of pain as his master pulled him rudely by a rope tied round his neck, in order to make him dance in a livelier manner to the music of the organ. The child devoured the fragments of bread, kindly given by Seraphina—thereby showing how little the owner cared about the health of his slave, on whom his own livelihood mainly depended. It further implied that he had tasted



the stale bread of cruelty more than the milk of kindness at the hands of his master. If you pity this suffering child, you should also pity the real monkeys which we daily see playing about with the organ-grinders ; you should take compassion on the horses, toiling all the day and night to enrich their master, without any reward equivalent to their desert, save a few handfuls of fodder at each meal. However well taken care of, the race-horse is whipped or spurred to run far beyond the power of speed allotted to him, solely to secure wages for his owner—a man of high standing in society, who thereby degrades himself to a level with the professional gambler.

Now and then, Achy slyly pulled the child's hair, repeating this torment until Beruccimio perceived the cause of the agony he saw depicted on the child's face, and sent, by a kick, the mischievous boy yelping away ; but Gusty, muttering dire epithets against his son, seized one of his ears, shook and twisted it until he bel-

lowed with pain, and banished him to the furthest place in the yard, where he was to stay till the hour of supper, under the penalty of castigation in case of his disobedience.

There, alone and shunned by all, even his own puppy, now a grown dog, Achilles squatted for hours, watching the house, rubbing the part which received the organ-grinder's kick, smoothening the ear which his father wrung, and hunting fleas in his hair. You know the monkeys and fleas are inseparable foes. Good. Every one who treats inoffensive creatures with wanton cruelty will surely find his reward, certainly as painful to him as his torment to the dumb sufferers.





## CHAPTER VI.

AS MIGHT be expected from their tender years, Seraphina, not yet in her teens, and George Washington, no longer an infant, had done nothing worth recording here. They were quiet children, always obedient to their parents. Georgy, however, had a passion for the sound of the drum, and used to march about the yard, shouldering a stick as a gun. Hence, the cronies of the village foretold his high position in the world as a military man, like his great namesake.





## CHAPTER VII.

GUSTY had an older brother, named Nicholas, whom he had not seen since his unlucky marriage. This brother inherited the whole fortune of the late Philip Scratchsides, Esquire. In obedience to the conditions in the Will, he never gave Gusty one penny. Not that he was of a cruel disposition, because he did not send his brother, the cobbler, any crumbs of comfort, but he feared the forfeit, stated in the said Will in this wise : “ In case of my son Nicholas disregarding the conditions embodied in my Will and Testament, or speaking to Augustus Scratchsides, whom I have formally disowned, on account of his clandestine marriage with a low-born person, the whole real and personal property shall be taken from my son Nicholas, and be divided equally

among the charitable institutions, the names of which will be found below." Besides, Mr. Nicholas Scratchsides, somewhat of a miser, loved the jingle of his silver and gold coins, and the sight of his bank-notes, deeds, stocks, mortgages, etc.; hence his fear of the forfeit, though great might be his fraternal affection for the fellow who married Polly Gribb.

Nicholas was, in his younger days, a politician—first Federal, then Democrat, and finally Whig. He had his own reasons why he donned so many political coats. Doubtless his patriotism was greater than his faithfulness to any one party in which he thought corruption had taken root.

Here an opportunity is offered to me to give you, my young patriots, an insight into the political world, especially that on this side of the Atlantic, that you may know what our politicians are, and how to place true patriots at the heads of all our governments. The following story is no work of imagination. When you are

grown up, you will meet with many such politicians of my description, and may see many similar scenes on election days.

Strong though his love for his country might be, Nicholas, in common with weak-minded patriots, allowed himself to be tempted to run for Congress, and, in endeavoring to secure his election, he spent about ten thousand dollars in buying votes of his fellow-citizens. The election day came, and he moved nervously about the bar-room among his supporters in their unclean shirts, chattered with some, who had hats much the worse for wear, and drank whiskey of doubtful purity with those whose boots had gaping holes. Our aristocratic candidate, having drank bad whiskey and inhaled the fumes of bad tobacco, made good his escape; but soon he was dragged, like a sheep to the slaughter, to another bar-room to treat other friends—I mean those whose votes he had bought, or wished to buy. Thus was his day spent, till the polls closed, when he was

brought home, drunk as an alderman, with his fob emptied of his gold watch, and his pocket pulled out, suggestive of the theft of his pocket-book. On the following morning, Nicholas Scratchsides, Esq., learning that only five more votes would have secured his election, grimaced dolefully at the idea that he had paid ten thousand dollars, to say nothing of extra expenses at the bar and elsewhere, for nothing but defeat. "Too dear for a whistle," groaned he, recollecting Benjamin Franklin's whistle; "yet I didn't get the whistle after all!" And he swooned.

You see he was a politician, eager after a bubble. Politicians with pure, solid patriotism—in other words, those who love their country better than their respective parties, who would not buy votes to secure their election, and who would lay their political creeds aside, at Congress or anywhere else, and devote their minds to the welfare of their country, are few, very few, indeed.

A long, burning fever cured our disappointed candi-

date of politics ; and he reappeared in the streets an altered man, clad in a new suit of garments—the old one, stained all over with whisky and tobacco-juice, having been consigned to a fire in his garden, together with all his canvassing speeches published in newspapers.







## CHAPTER VIII.

FINDING his large old mansion seriously in need of a fair mistress, he made a long search for a wife, and successfully found one who he believed would be an excellent companion and housekeeper. Arrangements were duly made ; he was inveigled by her smiles, grace of manners, and vivacity of tongue, into presenting her, at different times, with sums amounting to fifteen thousand dollars, all in gold. The wedding-day came, and the bridegroom, radiant with joy, went to the house of his bride's father, heard loud lamentations in the parlor, and, as he entered it, was shocked to learn that she had eloped with her father's handsome coachman to parts unknown. And Nicholas disappeared.

Week after week, month after month, had elapsed, and nothing was heard of him. His confidential lawyer did not in the least appear to be alarmed at his disappearance, though he offered in newspapers a large reward for the recovery of the body of his patron.

It was late in the afternoon of a chilly and rainy day, when a stranger, hat slouched down on eyes, and cloak round figure and face, was observed standing, motionless as a statue, before a house in one of the most secluded streets of Cancanis. He presently knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant ; he asked if John Brown lived there, and, the answer being given in the affirmative, went up to the parlor as was directed, and found John Brown alone, sitting in his arm-chair, smoking his cigar, with his slippered feet upon the table.

Mr. Brown, on seeing the stranger before him, rose, and was going to bow, but the man of the slouched hat stopped the action by the words which follow :

“ Are you not Jake Snikes ? ”

"I have not the pleasure of knowing you, sir," replied John Brown, bowing gracefully, but loftily.

"See me, and know who I am!" roared the the visitor, throwing off his cloak and hat.

"Ah! I see and know you, Mr. Nicholas Scratchsides."

"You are a scoundrel!" retorted Mr. Scratchsides.

"Good—my dear sir," grinned Jake Snikes. "Mrs. Snikes, I regret to say, is up stairs, engaged with her dancing-master; but she will be happy to see her old friend this evening, or any other time you appoint."

Mr. Scratchsides was silent, gazing at the ex-coachman with a grimace bespeaking a volcano within his bosom, ready to discharge its hot lava of wrath on the head of the fellow who stole the girl from him, while Jake Snikes threw his cigar into the fire-place, sat down in his chair again, and contemplated his grimacing visitor's ears, nose, and legs, as if they belonged to one of the horses of Mrs. Snike's father, in his former charge. Regaining his composure, Nicholas picked up his hat and

cloak, and left the house without the least nod of the head to Mr. Snikes. A friend of his, Col. Gruff, U. S. A., shortly after, called on the ex-coachman with a challenge to fight a duel with Mr. Scratchsides, which was coolly accepted. The duel took place outside of the walls of the city, and Nicholas received a shot in the leg, which rendered him lame for life.







JC. DEL

TWRSC



## CHAPTER IX.

YEARS rolled by ; Scratchsides Hall still stood in all its grand solitude, and its isolated occupant limped to and fro in the library, thinking about nothing but money. He hoarded gold and silver, bought more lands, more shares in rail-roads, more U. S. bonds, and tendered more loans, secured by mortgage.

Being an old bachelor, and fearing that he might be poisoned by servants, he cooked his own food in his bed-chamber. True, he had two servants, who ministered to his comfort in all things except cooking coffee or tea and eggs. Meat of all kinds he seldom touched, for he didn't see the use of eating it. A poor pretext : in order to save expense, I suspect.

From his habitual melancholy and seclusion from

society, he was afflicted with something like a mental disease, or, at least, a sort of insanity. But I may, perhaps, be mistaken on this point, and therefore shall best leave it to the able physiologists, a class of persons who perfectly understand the causes of the ills to which the flesh is heir.

Nicholas was what we call a hypochondriac, or one who, in perfect health, really believes himself sick. It is not a hypochondriac, but a liar, who says he is sick, when, at the same time, he knows that he is well. Many curious and laughable stories are told of hypochondriacs. Among these is one of a man who, believing he was an umbrella, placed himself against the corner of his room.

Although Nicholas was a hypochondriac, he was by no means a crazy man, for he spoke and acted like a rational person. But you ask whether Don Quixote was a hypochondriac when he believed the wind-mills were giants, or a crazy man, as he spoke rationally.

Before I reply to this question, it seems best to state



who Don Quixote was, for many of my young readers may have never read the entertaining story—a fiction, of course—of Don Quixote. He was described to be an old and highly respectable gentleman, who resided in La Mancha, Spain. He read novels abounding in errant knights, distressed maidens, giants, and dragons, which finally turned his head and made him believe he was born to be a knight, to deliver distressed women from giants ; and in this character he roamed over the land, and met with many adventures, which were as laughable as they were absurd. In almost every fight he got worsted.

The inquiry is whether Don Quixote was a hypochondriac. I, for one, think he was, if I understand the true sense of the term aright. Mr. Nicholas Scratchsides was not at all a Don Quixote in taking wind-mills for giants, sheep for guards, or show-puppets for living Turks ; nor did he possess the chivalry of the generous knight of La Mancha, for he never delivered his distressed sister-in-law and nieces from abject poverty. But as Don Quixote

attacked the imaginary giants, guards, and Turks, so Nicholas called loudly for physicians, when he fancied the cholera was waging war with him. Thus, from this parallel, an opinion may be deduced that both were hypochondriacs, not crazy beings, and therefore they spoke rationally during the absense of their respective fancies.

I am sorry to say that we have in our midst many hypochondriacs of a kind far different from that of the above-named persons ; for instance, such as honestly assert that they are entitled to a place of eminence in their spheres, their merits proving to the contrary, notwithstanding.

To return to Nicholas Scratchsides. In one of his spells he jumped out of his bed, and rang the bell violently for the servant, who, however, did not hasten to answer the summons until several minutes had elapsed. As he entered the room with a lighted lamp, he beheld his master dancing around against his will, with both his hands pressed hard on his stomach.

“What is the matter with you, master?” asked Tom.

“I’ve the cholera again,” cried Nicholas. “Run for the doctor without delay.”

Tom looked at the clock, and finding it was past two in the morning, and knowing it was cutting cold out of doors, sighed for his warm bed, scratched his head, and looked at the clock again.

“Get off!” yelled the sufferer, dancing more frantically.

“Which doctor?” inquired Tom.

“Dr. Liquorice,” answered Nicholas. “Tell Mary to make me a hot brandy punch. Get off, quickly.”

“Dr. Liquorice! He lives five miles from here,” grimaced the servant. “Why not Dr. Von Tenpills; he lives quite near us.”

“No!” roared the master. “Von Tenpills is a humbug; I want Liquorice; get thee off, old Ape!”

Tom saddled old “Swiftfoot,”—’twas the name of a grey-hound, venerable in years, but still a good runner.

Warmed inside by whiskey, and outside by an overcoat and neck-wrapper, he sped on his mission, passing successively five mile-stones, and reached the house, where, on the second story in the rear, slept Abernethy Liquorice, M. D. Mrs. Liquorice awoke, and aroused the snoring doctor, saying: "I hear the bell." Her husband grunted, turned on the other side, and shut his eyes again.

Another ring—much louder than the first. Soon Dr. Liquorice was before the rider, to whom he dropped a nod of recognition.

"Doctor, Mr. Scratchsides has the cholera," said Tom.

"The cholera, eh?"

"Yes, doctor," replied the servant.

"The old story again?" asked the doctor.

As Tom was a man of discretion, and honored his master, or rather his purse, he said nothing, but shrugged his shoulders.

"Scratchsides is a fool!" growled Abernethy.





"A wise man," protested Tom, remembering the small addition to his wages on the preceding day.

"Well, I'll go with you directly," answered the physician, who thought it was the best policy to humor a wealthy fool for the sake of a fat fee. It was not till after six o'clock that they arrived at Scratchsides Hall.

Dr. Liquorice, after bowing in his best style, proceeded to feel his patron's pulse, which he found was regular—undisturbed by any disorder whatever. Nevertheless, he continued, with an averted face, feeling the pulse, at the same time inquiring at what hour the dread cholera had appeared, whether the patient had vomited, and what remedy had been given to him. Receiving no reply, he went to the medicine, which the nurse was still stirring in the tumbler, smelt it, and looked with elevated eyebrows at her; he then tasted, and sipped and resipped it—the hot brandy punch, which he thought was sweet—good for him on such a chilly morning,—and sipped it again. Unseen by the hypochondriac, he begged t'

nurse, in an undertone, to make him another tumblerful, if not a mugful, of the same remedy, for he, too, had the cholera. The sly doctor also, nudging her, whispered : “ Don’t let the old gentleman see it.” After which he returned to the would-be-sick man, and, assuming a professional face, said : “ Oh, poor monkey ! let me look at your tongue ?”

The tongue, as red as vermillion, was thrust out, and the man of physic inspected it with his goggles. “ White, very white,” muttered he ; “ but there is no danger whatever, and the hot medicine is good—capital—very. Taking the tumbler from the nurse, he poured into the punch a fluid which he was in the habit of carrying in a large phial. ’Twas S-T-1860-X Plantation Bitters. While doing so, he turned to Mr. Scratchsides, and said : “ This fluid is the foe whom your cholera fears most.”

Some minutes after, having just drank in the kitchen the mugful of punch which the good woman had prepared for him, Abernethy Liquorice, M. D., turned his nose



homeward through the snow-flakes which floated merrily down to whiten all nature : preparing, as it were, a welcome for the following day, Christmas.





## CHAPTER X.

CRACK ! Crack ! The horses trotted afresh, but soon slackened their speed again, and a stage rolled slowly up a hill near the Catskill Mountains. As it was a bright August morning, all nature—the Highlands, trees of all species, and wild flowers—reveled in grandeur, beauty, and fragrance ; the birds flew from tree to tree, filling the air with their melodies : it was just what the weary occupants of the stage wished to enjoy the sight of, after a miserable night passed in their prison on wheels.

Among the travelers was an old gentleman, who appeared to be wholly lost in contemplating the glories of the panorama spread before him ; but the young ladies,

instead of partaking of his admiration of nature, chattered about dress and beauty.

“Uncle Toby gave me a beautiful gown of scarlet silk, which I mean to wear at Mrs. Jocko’s party next week,” said one of the fair chatter-boxes. “Will you go there, Clara?”

“Yes, dear Alice,” replied the girl addressed; “but I’ve no kind uncle like yours, to delight my heart with such a present.”

“But father says your Uncle Nicholas is very rich—owns a beautiful house, while his brother—your father—lives a cobbler, in a hovel.”

“Oh, don’t say any more,” besought Clara, much distressed at the truth thus displayed.

“I hear your uncle is an old bachelor—oh, I wish I could set my cap for him—lame and old! I don’t mind that, for he’s so rich,” chattered the silly tormentor.

The old gentleman turned his heavy eyes to Clara, who angrily answered, “Tush, Alice, you must not spea<sup>l</sup>-

disrespectfully of my uncle ; my father says I must respect and love him, though I may never see him."

The gentleman, turning to the driver, asked how far Pungetown was from that place, and ascertaining that the village was quite near, expressed a wish to walk up the road thither, for he was stiff in the knees by long sitting in the coach. Accordingly, he left the coach, and was soon in deep thought as he trudged along a path in the forest through which the road passed ; but instead of keeping in sight the path parallel with the road, he strayed into another, and thence into a pathless part of the forest, where he continued wandering until he awoke from his reverie ; and, frightened by his actual position, he elbowed his way through brush, weeds, and young trees, knowing neither where he was, or whither he was going. Perceiving, at last, an opening afar, he proceeded thither, and reaching it, found himself on the rocky slope of a mountain, where he noticed a girl and boy picking blackberries, and accosting them, said, in the gentlest tone

(as he observed their fright at seeing a stranger so suddenly confronting them in a lonely place), that he was lost in the forest, couldn't find any path leading to the highway, and would reward them liberally for leading him to the desired road. Assured by his kind and gentlemanly manner and voice, they readily consented to do so. Taking in their hands their baskets, which were fortunately filled with berries before he came to them, the girl and boy walked on, followed by the stranger, blowing and wiping his forehead and whiskers with a red cotton handkerchief, and evidently rejoiced to think that he was not fated, like the "Babes in the Wood," to perish in such a horrid place, in which nature allowed trees in all their native wildness to grow so lavishly.

Reaching the desired road, he gave each two fifty-cent pieces, and, patting their heads benignantly, said : "Thank you, my pretty children ; many thanks. Hope to see you again. Pray, tell me your names ?"

"Seraphy," answered the girl, modestly.

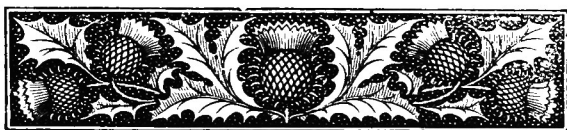
“Georgy,” replied the boy.

“Pretty names, I see. What is the name of your father?” asked the gentleman.

“Gusty Scratchsides, sir,” replied the children.

The stranger, startled by this answer, as if it were the report of a gun discharged just behind his head, abruptly left them, with a face longer than usual, and pale as ashes.





## CHAPTER XI.

“FATHER, see, we have four pieces,” exclaimed Seraphina, showing the coins to Gusty.

“How did you get them?” asked the wondering father.

“A gentleman gave them to us in the woods.”

“Who was he?” demanded the cobbler.

“He didn’t tell us his name, but we told him our names.”

“Is he young?”

“No ; but old and lame,” replied the boy.

“Old and lame !” exclaimed Clara, who had arrived home an hour back.

“Has he not a deep scar on his nose?”

“Yes,” answered Georgy.

Gusty elevated his eyebrows, twisted his mouth, but said nothing, and listened attentively to the whole story, as also to Clara's account of the gentleman on the road. He, however, took the money. On the morrow, at an early hour in the morning, the lame old gentleman, who was tarrying at Pungetown Hotel, received a small package from a waiter, and, opening it, found four fifty-cent pieces, with an inscription on a piece of paper, as follows :

“ Sir, remember the Will.—A. S.”

Long, very long, he sat in his chair, with his head drooping on his breast, thinking : ever and anon glancing at the inscription still held in his hand, and then resuming his cogitations. The dinner-bell rang, but he heeded it not ; and before sunset his room was vacated.

As usual, the happy cobbler toiled on, driving the awl, hammering leather, and pegging heels—ocasionally whistling, cheerily, to the mocking-bird in the cage hung by the door, so that he might banish from his mind the



lame old gentleman and his four fifty-cent pieces, which haunted it continually. While Gusty was thus employed at his bench, Nicholas Scratchsides, in his stately, yet lonely Hall, was from day to day to be seen in consultation with his lawyer upon a subject, the nature of which might be guessed, from seeing the Will of the late Philip Scratchsides, Esquire, laying upon the table before them.

At length, after much labor, fraught with perplexity, Nicholas' eyes glowed with a light difficult to describe, and his grin was as grim as that of the fleshless representation of death, when he saw his own Will and Testament fully drawn up by the lawyer, and signed by himself and two trustworthy witnesses.

Three months had scarcely passed since the time that ghastly grin had illuminated Nicholas' face, when Dr. Abernethy Liquorice was observed to mount the marble steps of Scratchsides Hall, which fact spread like wild-fire among the good dames in the neighborhood, and they chattered derisively that Nicholas was once more a

hypochondriac, with the old complaint raging within him. Soon Dr. Von Tenpills came in, and after him, entered Doctors Femur and Pestle, greatly to the wonderment of the neighbors. The physicians paid their visits to the sick room in the morning, afternoon, and night, for a week ; at the end of that time, a long piece of black crape was seen dangling from the bell-handle, which announced to the world that Nicholas Scratchsides was no more. As might naturally be expected, the tongues of all gossips were kept busy all the day in speculating on the exact wealth and likely heirs of the deceased millionaire.





## CHAPTER XII.

A WELL-DRESSED stranger knocked at the door of the hovel where sat Gusty in his old trousers, red flannel shirt, and with shoes that had seen better days, and an old apron smeared all over with wax and dirt, polishing the sole, edge, and heel of a boot. It was opened by Dame Scratchsides, who was without shoes and in a patched petticoat : nearly in the same style of dress in which she first appeared before the fashionable young sportsman at the brook. The gentleman inquired if Mr. Augustus Scratchsides was at home. Finding such to be the case, he introduced himself to the cobbler, with the best bow he could possibly make, as Jacob Redtape, Attorney to the late Nicholas Scratchsides ; and he stated his object in the following words :

“Sir, I have the honor of informing you that your brother, Nicholas Scratchsides, has departed this life.”

“Dead !” exclaimed Gusty.

“Yes, sir ;” replied Mr. Redtape, surprised at the cobbler’s ignorance of the fact.

“When did he die ?”

“On the twenty-fifth day of March last.”

“Of what complaint ?”

“Of cholera.”

“Very sorry to hear it,” remarked Gusty, feeling sincere sorrow.

“And I, too, because he has been so good a patron to me,” answered the lawyer, looking hard at the cobbler.

“Your brother has recently made a Will in your favor, bequeathing to you his whole property, real and personal.”

The brain of Augustus—no more Gusty—was in a whirl ; the repaired boot fell from his knees, to be replaced there no more. It was a long time that elapsed before he realized the fact that he was actually

in possession of so vast a fortune ! But, as it was the first of April, Achilles, who had been industriously engaged in fooling persons in the street, and heard Mr. Redtape repeat the fact that his father was an heir, laughed aloud, saying : “ Father you’ve been capitally fooled.” Mr. Redtape, surprised at the boy’s saucy remark, asserted that he was in earnest, at the same time handing to the heir his brother’s Will, which he had satisfied himself was perfectly genuine, and not an April joke.

After a long conversation between Augustus and the lawyer concerning his father’s Will, in which he was pleased to learn that nothing was inserted forbidding Nicholas to bequeath his property to him, the man of law rose to take leave of the new possessor of the Scratchsides Estate ; but he was pressed to taste the beer which Miss Clara Arabella had brewed on the preceding day, and he graciously drank it out of the tin cup which the peddler had awarded to the honest cobbler : of tumblers, in fact, there was none in the house.

It would be a difficult task to express the joy which reigned supreme in the hovel. Mr. Augustus Scratchsides, still in his red shirt and with his old night-cap on his head, embraced his wife, now a grand lady : bestowing a benignant grimace of affection on her, and another on Clara, Seraphina, George, even Achilles himself ; and was very merry when he found his back ornamented with many long tails of paper and rag. The chief source of their joy was a very large roll of bank-notes which was given to Augustus in the most delicate manner by the considerate lawyer, that they might prepare themselves to occupy the Hall.

Mr. Redtape was seen a half hour later in his room at the hotel, scrubbing his right hand, in order to rid it of the horrid wax which the cobbler left on it when shaking hands with him.





### CHAPTER XIII.

I AM sure if you had visited Scratchsides Hall two years after, you would hardly have recognized the cobbler in the person of the fine elderly gentleman, inclined to corpulency, who might be seen lounging on a sofa of the most superb workmanship, and reading the journals of the day ; Dame Polly Scratchsides, a beautiful lady, in a satin dress of the latest fashion, with a love of a waterfall on her head, and with sparkling diamonds on all her fingers ; the coquettish pail-carrier, a lovely young lady, playing on the piano-forte under the eyes of Professor Solo ; and the sneak thief and pest of Pungetown, a handsome, dashing young dandy, sporting shirt and wrist-cuff studs of gold and pearls of a stunning size, as he minced through the spacious hall on his way to his

pony which stood in front of the door. Nor, indeed, could you have believed your own eyes if you had beheld an aristocratic carriage roll along in the park, bearing a family who once lived in a hovel at the foot of the mountain which is haunted every twenty years by spiritual players at nine-pins, and every summer by artists, young and old, eminent and obscure, moving like those ghostly Dutchmen among trees, rocks, and ravines, and smoking tobacco like the Dutchmen of real flesh and blood, of whom Diedrich Knickerbocker has told so much in his "History of New York."

One might infer from Mr. Augustus Scratchsides' previous life in his hovel, where he found real pleasure in keeping himself busy at his bench, that now he could not pass all his weary hours without doing anything. It is true that reading is a delightful pastime ; but there are times when it becomes irksome, and unable to refresh the mind : to most visitors of watering-places it is often hateful. No doubt they are seen reading in the piazzas and



elsewhere ; but what they read is not of a sober character. Knowing that most of my readers attend school, I shall not urge them to continue reading at home. Their minds, overstrained by school-labor, need relaxation and exercise before they retire to bed ; learning their lessons should be performed early in the morning—long before breakfast ; and thus the mind will feel refreshed and strong enough to undertake its usual wearisome task in the school-room.

A gentleman of leisure though Augustus was, he thought it was wrong to live from day to day without rendering himself useful to his fellow-beings ; so he consulted Mr. Redtape as to the best course to pursue. The advice given to him was as follows : “ Give employment to poor mechanics by building new houses, that they and their families may be lifted above the reach of want, and give, annually, proper sums of money to such charitable establishments as may be judged worthy of assistance.” This, Mr. Scratchsides has done, much to his satisfaction,

and his name is everywhere blessed. Having been long habituated to industry, and a return to his old trade being out of the question, he attended the Stock Exchange, in Mammon City, where he passed a portion of the time in buying stocks of the Bulls and Bears. It is perhaps necessary to explain the terms, "Bulls" and "Bears." They are given to a class of dishonest persons who live on the credulity of their inexperienced dupes. The Bull assures you that the Moonshine Rail-Road is good, when he knows perfectly well that he tells an untruth, in order to tempt you to purchase his shares ; and the Bear, on the other hand, tells you falsely that the Spuyten Duyvil River Rail-Road is bad, so that you will be anxious to sell to him your shares of that really excellent concern at much reduced prices. Remember this definition, and, when you grow to manhood, avoid them both.

By reason of Mr. Scratchsides' ignorance of the wiles of Mammon City, he purchased of a Bull several hundred

shares of the Moonshine Rail-Road, at one hundred dollars per share ; but finding out the truth, he muttered that the Bull should be felled, and a few choice steaks be cut out and cooked by Miss Clara Arabella for his breakfast ; he also sacrificed to a Bear all his shares of the Spuyten Duyvil River Rail-Road, at prices far lower than their true value ; and our poor friend wished all the toad-fishes of the Spuyten Duyvil River to eat the carcass of his deceiver. But he learned from those little experiences lessons good and useful for his future course ; and ever since, in all his transactions of business and his acts of benevolence, he has listened to and acted upon the advice of good and prudent persons of long experience.





## CHAPTER XIV.

"ACHILLES, come into my study with me," said Mr. Scratchsides to his son, as they rose from the table in the dining-room. The dandy wondered what the old Governor wanted him there for.

"My son," resumed the father, who had just taken his seat in the most comfortable position possible, with his right knee over the left, "I want you to go to Singe College."

"Singe College?"

"Yes ; Singe College."

"When shall I go there?" asked the hopeful son, thinking of the fine, jolly times in store for him at the college.

"Immediately. You've done well with your studies pre-

paratory for the college : your master told me so. Good, my boy. True, your love of mischief still sticks to you."

The mischief-maker grinned, and the good-humored father caught the contagion, and also grinned.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mr. Scratchsides, stroking his nose. "You must not play tricks there."

"Why not?"

"Why not!" What do you mean by your question?" demanded the sire, looking suspiciously at the youth.

"Oh, no; I didn't mean to say I should play tricks at the college," answered Achilles, humbly.

"Son, remember you will incur my hot displeasure if you perpetrate mischief on any of your fellow-students."

"But they will play fool of me: why shouldn't I return the compliment with interest?"

"No, no; you should forgive them," replied Augustus, gravely. "I've seen poor students forgive their tormentors—seen their beds under the sheet strewed all over with burs! yet they forgave those who did it;—once saw

one shed tears at the sight of his best coat cut into shreds ! He was poor, and couldn't afford to get another new coat. Oh, imitate their noble spirit, my boy !”

“Strew their beds with burs under the sheet,” said Achilles to himself. And Mr. Scratchsides remarked : “This is an old custom, carried on from year to year, in all colleges here and abroad. Nothing can destroy it, I believe, but the State Legislatures. They can make new laws prohibiting this disgraceful practice, under the penalty of banishment or severe punishment.”

In a week or so after the above conversation, Achilles Scratchsides, alighting from a hack, crossed the grounds of Singe College, where several students were strolling about.

“See his yellow kid-gloves,” shouted one to another at some distance from him.

“I see them,” replied the other, with a coarse laugh. “Wonder if his mother knows he's out ? ”

Achilles, stung to the quick, turned to the speaker, and







demanded if he meant to insult him. A general laugh followed this demand.

“Did I insult you, my pretty boy?” asked the second speaker.

“Did I, my sweet infant?” popped in the first.

“Won’t he treat us?” suggested a third.

“With an oyster supper?”

“And champagne, too?”

“And cigars?”

The aggrieved dandy said nothing, but regarded each one of them from his crown to his feet with such profound contempt that it stung their hearts to the very core. The second speaker came towards him to twist his ear; but Achilles, perceiving his movements, gave him a slap on the nose with the back of his gloved hand, which sent him yelping backward. Enraged at this unexpected return of his insult, the second speaker again returned with clenched fists to our hero, who, being a hardy mountain boy, and having learned the “noble science of

boxing" under Tim. Smasher, threw himself into a prize-ring attitude, and gave him a stunning blow on the right eye, thus bringing him down to kiss his mother earth ; turning to the first speaker, he tendered his compliments with a blow on the nose, and then wheeled towards the other students who had asked if he wouldn't treat them with "an oyster supper," "champagne," and "cigars," for the purpose of blackening their eyes or cracking their noses ; but the cowards dodged the threatened punishment by running behind the venerable President of the College who had just gone there to stop the row ; Achilles pursued them round the moving obstacle, and succeeded in treating one of them to a hearty kick ; and the victor, catching the second by the ear, would have struck his pate to make him see the stars dance a Virginia jig, had Dr. Magnus not thrust his hand between Achilles' fist and the victim's head. Recognizing the old gentleman by his spectacles, the brave youth stepped a few feet back, bowed most respectfully to him, begged his pardon

for disturbing the peace within his province, and stated his name and object in coming to the College : upon which the Doctor shook hands with him, and welcomed him gladly as the son and nephew of his old friends and school-mates, Augustus and Nicholas Scratchsides. Turning to the guilty parties, the President exclaimed : “ Served rightly. I saw the whole occurrence—heard your insulting language to him ; it is not he, but you, that ought to beg my pardon. Well punished, I see. Good ! To your rooms ! ” But Achilles, being highly gratified at his reception by Dr. Magnus, begged permission to invite them and all the other students to an “ oyster supper ” that very evening. This request granted, he advanced to the one whose nose he bruised, saying : “ Let us shake hands with each other ? ” The fellow, wiping the blood off his nose, attempted something like a smile of gratitude, oddly blended with a grimace of pain, caused by the vice-like pressure of Achilles’ hand ; and the same invitation was tendered to the fellow of the blackened

eye, but he growled and sneaked away, passing through the sneering students whom he was wont to bully, and before the gaze of the beautiful Misses Magnus, at the window of their bed chamber, with whom he occasionally flirted.

The promised entertainment went off to the satisfaction of all present. At its conclusion, the host addressed his guests in this wise : “ Gentlemen, I render you my thanks for your prompt acceptance of my invitation to this modest repast. I hope we shall henceforth be fast friends.” Applause, and vows of friendship exchanged, and bumpers drank through bent arms. “ Thank you,” resumed the speaker. “ Though I have long been a mischief-maker ” — “ Ha ! ha ! ” yelled the delighted students. Achilles again proceeded to speak : “ Yet I shall have no hand in the custom which all college boys love to practice. But, gentlemen, allow me to say that I shall always be found at my room, No. 16, Singe College, ready to protect any poor students from

their tormentors as well as these fists of mine will enable me to do. Good evening, sirs."

You will be pleased to learn that Achilles has been faithful to his word that he would be a protector to persecuted students, for he has fought several battles in their behalf. True it is that he doesn't like fighting; but he is obliged to take into his hands the right of punishing vicious boys, since the Professors are found incapable of repressing or abolishing the odious custom.

Wishing to join the Singe College Boat Club, and having doubts as to its propriety, he wrote to his father for advice, and received the paternal answer, as follows :

"MY WORTHY SON—In reply to your inquiry as to whether you might join the Singe College Boat Club or not, I say that as rowing is a very healthy exercise, and eminently calculated to develop the chest and muscular system, I should advise you to join the Club—only provided that you do not exercise to excess (for over rowing cannot fail to injure your respiratory organs, by pre-

ducing unnecessary perspiration), and that you will not participate in racing for wagers, which I strongly condemn as derogatory to good morals. Betting lowers one's manliness, and breeds vanity, selfishness, extravagance in triumph, anguish at defeat, and indulgence in strong drinks and angry feelings.

"If the Club has rules enforcing its members to run races for silver cups or wagers, you will not join it at all, but purchase for yourself a good boat, for which purpose I send you the bank-note inclosed, and then select the best and most virtuous boys for your rowing companions.

"My dear Achy, I am rejoiced to hear from Dr. Magnus that you have been a good boy. I hope you will prove a shining ornament to society.

"With the exception of George Washington, who has the measles, we all enjoy good health, as usual.

"Your loving father,

"A. SCRATCHSIDES."



IN conclusion, my young readers : As the Scratchsides family, after remaining at the Hall for some time, have embarked for Europe—where we shall leave them to enjoy the sight of the lions in summer, plunge into the gayeties of Cancanis, toil with sore legs over the molehills of Switzerland, and undergo the ordeal of cheats through the length and width of the continent, who generally find easy victims in American travelers—I bid you an affectionate good-by.









